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UNIVERSE.COM

LOVME CASUALS

Today's "High-Style" Shoe Fashions
...AT DOWN-TO-EARTH PRICES!

DEBUTANTE — "New look" closed toe and back... In a stunning black imitation suede ankle with scalloped vamp and wedge heel. Light, comfortable plastic soles and how well they'll wear! Only

\$3.95

COLORS:
Red
Green
Brown
Black

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

STARLET—Such a pretty black imitation suede ballerina... with gold threaded through the laced front... ending in a petal side bow. The plastic sole will wear and wear. Amazingly low priced at only

\$3.95

COLORS:
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Brown
Red
White Satin

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

LEADING LADY — The ever-popular ankle strap sandal... with easy-to-wear platform sole... chic openwork front... smart semi-wedge heel. Inky black suede with plastic sole for long-wearing comfort. Only

\$4.44

COLORS:
Brown
Green
Red
Black

Narrow widths, sizes 5½-9
Medium widths, sizes 4-9

PRIMA DONNA — Excitingly cut vamp... in a ballet slipper of black suede or caeskin! Flattering with or without removable ankle. Built-in wedge gives cushion-like comfort. Exceptional at

\$4.44

COLORS:
Black
Brown
Green

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

POCAHONTAS — You'll love this moccasin for its novel woven vamp. It's easy-walking comfort! Durable composition rubber soles. Genuine leather in black, brown, red or ox blood. A real value at

\$3.95

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

INGENUE — Ballet slipper bound with grosgrain... sporting flap drawn together with tiny golden bow. Black suede with durable, comfortable plastic soles. Outstanding value at

\$4.44

COLORS:
Red
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Green
Wine
Black

Medium widths, sizes 4-9

IMAGINE... the exciting, "new look" casuals you've dreamed of owning... yours at a 25 to 50% saving... by buying direct! Select the styles and colors you desire... mail the coupon... and pay the postman. If you want to send check or money order, we will pay the postage. Either way, if you aren't thrilled and delighted with your Lovmees... return them within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded!

LOVME SHOES, Dept. AC-11
871 Broad Street, Newark 2, New Jersey
Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

PAIRS	STYLE AND PRICE	COLOR	SIZE	WIDTH
	Debutante... @ \$3.95			
	Starlet... @ 3.95			
	Leading Lady @ 4.44			
	Prima Donna @ 4.44			
	Pocahontas... @ 3.95			
	Ingenue... @ 4.44			

Name

Address

City & Zone.....State.....

2nd Choice Color.....

Check..... Money Order..... C.O.D..... (plus postage)

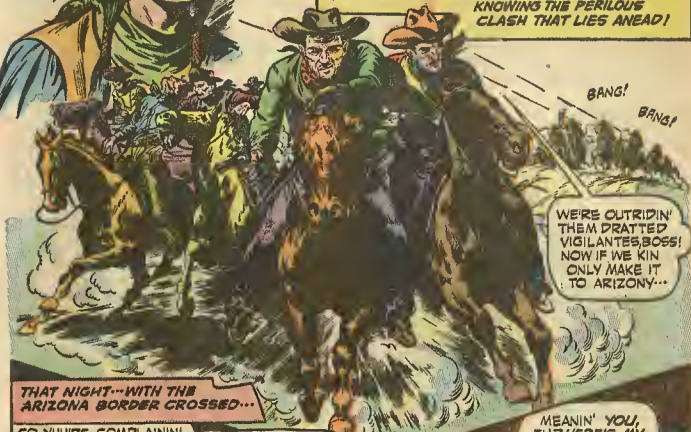
(We prepay postage if full payment accompanies order)

SENT ON APPROVAL—SEND NO MONEY

INJUN JONES



INJUN JONES! MEN THRILLED TO HIS NAME IN THE OLD AND LAWLESS ARIZONA DAYS! THE WILD WEST KNEW HIM AS A WHITE MAN REARED BY SAVAGE INDIANS...A BATTLING TORNADO WITH A RAGING LOVE OF JUSTICE! AND NOW TOWARDS HIS TERRITORY RIDE DEADLY OUTLAWS...LITTLE KNOWING THE PERILOUS CLASH THAT LIES AHEAD!



BANG!

BANG!

WE'RE OUTRIDIN' THEM PRATTED VIGILANTES BOSS! NOW IF WE KIN ONLY MAKE IT TO ARIZONA...

THAT NIGHT...WITH THE ARIZONA BORDER CROSSED...

SO YUH'RE COMPLAININ' AGAIN, PECOS...JUST BECAUSE WE HAD TO HIGHTAIL IT! IF YUH GOT ANY IDEAS, SPEAK UP!

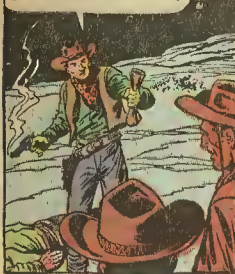
I GOT ONE IDEA! STEP DOWN AS CHIEF, BUCK CASEY, AN' LET SOMEONE TAKE OVER WHO KIN PUT US IN THE CHIPS!

MEANIN' YOU, EHTHERE'S MY ANSWER!

BANG!



NOW GIT THIS, YUH OTHERS! I GOT A PLAN! NO MORE SMALL-TIME STUFF LIKE RUSTLIN'... THIS IS BIG! LOOK AT THIS MAP!



THAT MESA DIVIDE'S THE RICHEST TERRITORY IN THE WEST... AN' IT LIES DIRECTLY ACROSS THE COVERED WAGON TRAIL! SETTLERS FROM THE EAST'LL PAY PLENTY FER PARCELS OF IT! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS... IT'S INJUN LAND!



WE CAN'T TAKE OVER LESS'N WE WIPE OUT THE REDSKINS! THE ONLY WAY WE KIN DO THAT IS PLAY UP TO 'EM... WIN THEIR FRIENDSHIP... THEN PULL A SURPRISE ATTACK! AN' TOMORROW'S A GOOD DAY FER IT!



Next day... FARO, YOU TWO RIDE INTO TOWN AN' START SPREADIN' STORIES ABOUT THE INJUNS! FOLKS IN THESE PARTS MIGHT RAISE A FUSS IF THEY THINK WE JUST MASSACRED 'EM AN' SOLD OFF THEIR LAND WITHOUT ANY REASON!

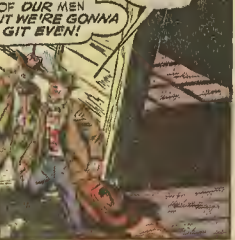


I'M TELLIN' YUH, FOLKS... THE INJUNS ARE ON THE PROD! THEY WIPED OUT A WHOLE FAMILY O' RANCHERS AN' TWO OF OUR MEN... BUT WE'RE GONNA GIT EVEN!



SO... IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF RED GULCH...

WOW! THE MURDERIN' DEVILS!



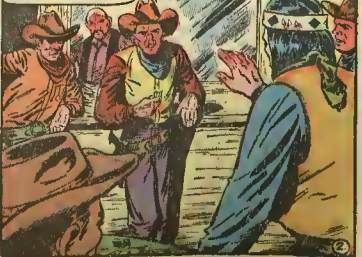
And in the listening crowd... INJUN JONES!

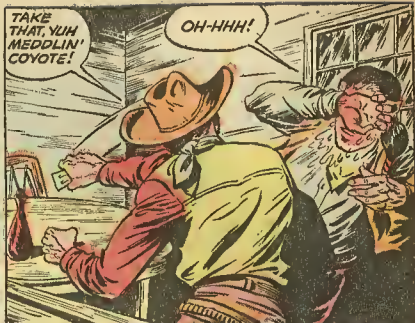
THEY GOT THEIR FUNNY, VICKIE... I VISITED THE TRIBE JUST YESTERDAY, AND THEY WERE PEACEFUL! THAT HOMBRE'S HEADIN' INTO THE SALOON... COME ON! I WANT TO HEAR MORE ABOUT THIS!



THE REDSKINS ARE THREATENIN' TO WIPE OUT EVERY WHITE IN THESE PARTS! THEY SAY THEY BEEN PLANNIN' IT FER MONTHS!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU!





NEXT TIME... KEEP
YORE NOSE IN
YORE OWN BUSINESS,
SEE?



Next moment... LIKE A
FIGHTING CYCLONE...

YUH SHOULD OF MADE
SURE OF ME, RAT! INJUNS
CAN TAKE A LOT OF PUNISH-
MENT... AN' COME BACK
FAST!

OOF!



NOW YUH'RE
GONNA ADMIT
YORE LIES...
OR ELSE!
TALK UP!

NOT WHILE
I GOT A
GUN FULLA
LEAD!



RATS TRAVEL
IN PACKS, EH?
HERE'S YORES!



I'M NOT BOTHERIN' WITH SMALL FRY!
I FIGGER THERE'S SOMEONE BE-
HIND YUH...SOME SORT O' PLOT
AGAINST THE INJUNS...AN' I
AIM TO DIG UP THE
ANSWER!



BUT WHAT
DO YOU
PLAN TO
DO?

I SAW WHICH
WAY THEY CAME,
VICKIE! RECKON
I'LL BACKTRACK
'EM...FIND OUT
WHERE THEY
CAME FROM!



Later... I DIDN'T GET RED-
SKIN TRAININ' FER
NOTHIN'! THOSE WADDIES' TRACKS
JOIN UP WITH A LARGE BAND O'
RIDERS! THEY SPLIT HERE...OUR
TWO PALS RODE BACK TO TOWN,
WHILE THE OTHERS HEADED
NORTH...TOWARDS
THE INJUN CAMP!
LET'S GO, VICKIE!
...FAST!



TAKE IT EASY...DON'T
START FIRIN' TOO SOON! TOO
MANY INJUNS FER US UNLESS
WE KIN PULL A SURPRISE PLAY!
WHEN CASEY FIRES THE
FIRST SHOT...WE CUT
LOOSE!

EASY!
SOME-
BODY'S
COMIN'!

MEANWHILE,
THE OUTLAW
LEADER'S EVIL
PLAN MOVES
FORWARD! GIFTS
AND SOFT
WORDS TO WIN
THE INDIANS'
CONFIDENCE...
SO THAT HE
CAN CATCH
THEM OFF
GUARD, THEN
STRIKE! BUT
LOOK WHO'S
COMING! CASEY
HASN'T RECKON-
ED WITH...
INJUN
JONES!



DON'T TAKE THOSE,
CHIEF!...THIS FOR
YOUR GIFT!

WHAT
THE...!



I'LL KILL
YUH FER
THAT, YUH...

MAYBE...





AND BEFORE THE OUTLAWS
CAN INTERFERE...

GIT BACK, YUH VARMINTS!
AN' PUT THOSE GUNS AWAY,
OR I'LL BLAST YORE BOSS!
NOW LIGHT OUT, ALL OF
YUH...
PRONTO!

FER
GOSH
SAKES,
BOYS...
DO
LIKE THIS
WILDMAN
SAYS!



WADDEYA
SAY, CASEY?
SHALL WE
OPEN UP?

NAW...THE INJUNS
ARE ON THE ALERT
NOW! BUT DON'T
WORRY...WE'LL
BE BACK!...

I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND,
MY SON! WHY
HAVE YOU DONE
THIS TO VISITORS
WHO CAME IN
PEACE?

CAN THEIR INTENTIONS
BE PEACEFUL WHEN
THEY SPREAD FOUL
LIES ABOUT US? I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY PLAN... BUT
THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



BUT THE DEPARTING RIDERS HAVE ALREADY
SOWN THE SEEDS OF DISSENSION!

FINE GIFTS
WOULD HAVE
BEEN OURS
...BUT FOR
INJUN JONES!

HE IS NOT
REALLY OF
OUR TRIBE!
HE'S JEALOUS!

THOSE
MEN WERE
OUR FRIENDS!
IF THEY COME
AGAIN... WE
SHALL WELCOME
THEM!

WE BETTER GIVE UP,
CASEY! THE TRIBE'S
BEEN WARNED AGAINST
US...THEY WON'T
BE EASY TO
ATTACK
NOW!

That night...A DARKER PLOT IS
BREWED!

TOO BAD WE DIDN'T
KNOW WE WERE RUNNIN'
INTO INJUN JONES!

DON'T BE TOO
SURE O' THAT,
FARO...SOME
OF 'EM STILL
THINK WE'RE
FRIENDS! WE'LL TRY
AGAIN WITH WHISKEY
...AN' WHEN THEY'RE
FULL OF IT, WE'LL
STRIKE! FIRST WE
GOTTA GET JONES
OUT OF THE WAY
...BUT NOW?



I GOT AN IDEA, BOSS! THERE WAS A GAL WITH HIM, AN' HE SEEMS PLENTY STUCK ON HER! SHE'S STAYIN' AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN! LET'S SNATCH HER! IT'S DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS HE'LL TRAIL US, AN' WHEN HE DOES...!



WITH MORNING, INJUN JONES LEARNS OF VICKIE'S DISAPPEARANCE... AND HITS THE TRAIL!

THE SAME TRACKS AS THE HORSES THAT WERE UNDER HER WINDOW! TRAIL'S EASY TO FOLLOW... TOO EASY!



C'MON, BABY! GIVE OUT!

OH-HHH! HELP!



SO... A FEW HOURS LATER...

MMM-MMM...

WE GOT 'ER!



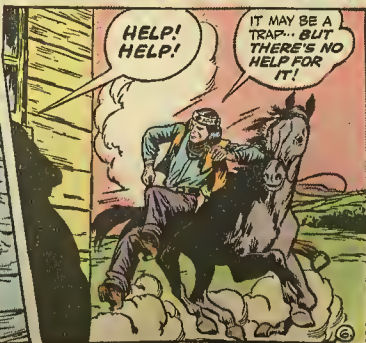
NEARBY, IN A LONELY CABIN...

HERE HE COMES! LET 'ER RIP!



HELP! HELP!

IT MAY BE A TRAP... BUT THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT!





IT WORKED JUST FINE!

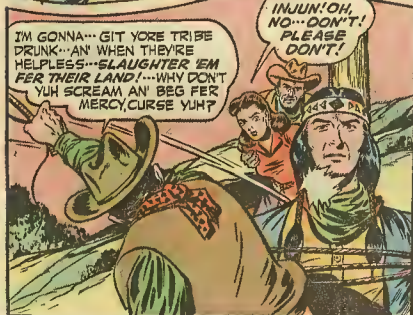
AH-HHH!

BAM!

AND WHEN INJUN RECOVERS...

IT WAS...LIKE I THOUGHT! BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL ME?

THAT'LL COME! BUT WE GOT A LOT TO GIT EVEN WITH YOU FOR FIRST, AN' SHOOTIN'S TOO EASY! I GOT SOMETHIN' BETTER IN MIND FER YUH... TORTURE!



I'M GONNA... GIT YORE TRIBE DRUNK... AN' WHEN THEY'RE HELPLESS... SLAUGHTER 'EM FER THEIR LAND!... WHY DON'T YUH SCREAM AN' BEG FER MERCY, CURSE YUH?

INJUN! OH, NO... DON'T! PLEASE DON'T!

THE AWFUL PUNISHMENT CONTINUES...UNTIL...

HE'S FAINTED! CONSNARN 'IM! TAKE THE GAL TO THE CABIN, FARGO, AN' SEE SHE'S WELL GUARDED! THEN COME DOWN TO THE COTTONWOODS... ME AN' THE BOYS ARE HOLDIN' A CONFAB!



WITH THE TERRIFIC STRENGTH BRED OF INDIAN TRAINING...

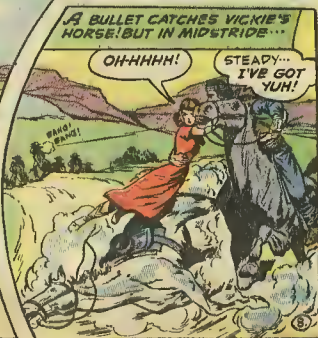
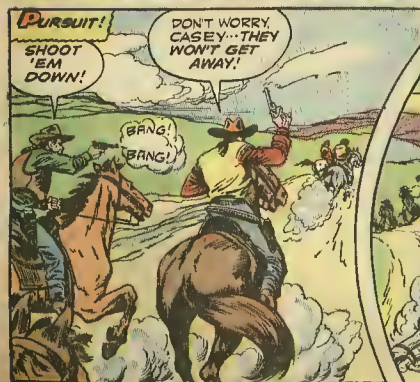


When all have departed...

LUCKY CASEY FELL FER THAT FAKE FAINTIN' ACT! I GOTTA ACT NOW... AN' FAST!

FIRST THING'S TO GIT THIS STAKE OUTTA THE GROUND! UGH!... THERE!





BUT RIDING DOUBLE SLOWS THEM DOWN...AND CASEY'S BAND GAINS!

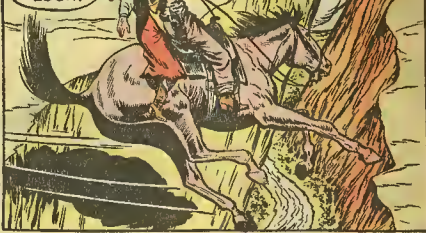
WE'VE GOT ONLY **ONE CHANCE!** THERE'S A DEEP CANYON SOUTH O' HERE...IF WE KIN JUMP ACROSS IT, THEY'LL NEVER DARE FOLLOW US...**IF!**



ON TO THE CANYON...AND A TERRIFIC LEAP FOR LIFE!

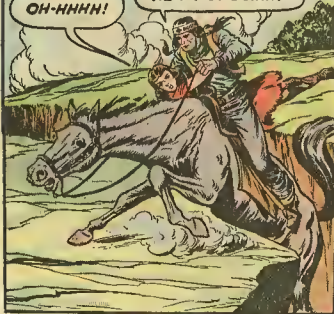
HOLD TIGHT, VICKIE!

I...I CAN'T LOOK!



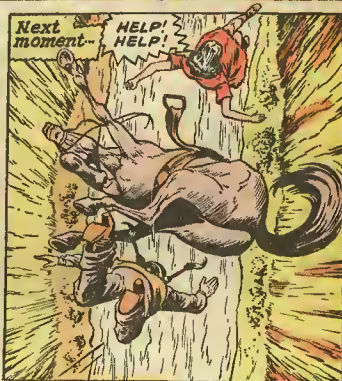
OH-HHHH!

HOLY SMOKE! HE'S NOT GONNA...



Next moment...

HELP! HELP!



WELL, BOSS... THAT FINISHES THEM!

YEAH! WADDEYA SAY WE RIDE BACK, GIT THE WHISKEY AN' TEND TO THOSE INJUNS RIGHT NOW!



THE OUTLAWS DEPART...AND FAR BELOW...

LUCKY THE RIVER CUSHIONED THAT DROP! VICKIE'S HURT, THOUGH... I GOTTA TAKE HER SOME PLACE WHERE SHE CAN BE CARED FER! THERE'S A RANCH NOT TOO FAR AWAY, BUT IT'LL TAKE HOURS TO GIT TO ON FOOT!



1 HOUR LATER...AT THE RANCH...

WE'LL JUST LET 'ER SLEEP IT OFF! SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

BIG DONS AROUND HERE TODAY! NOT ONLY YOU FOLKS COME HERE...BUT A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO, A BUNCH O' RIDERS WENT TEARIN' PAST, HEADIN' TOWARDS THE INJUN ENCAMPMENT!

WHAT!...CASEY'S OUTLAWS! I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!



YUH'RE CRAZY, SON! YUH'RE JUST ONE MAN...AGAINST THAT PACK! YUH HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, EVEN IF YUH DID TAKE ALL MY WEAPONS!

I'LL TAKE THE RISK, OLD-TIMER! HITCH A COUPLE HORSES TO A BUCKBOARD... I'M BORROWIN' THAT BARREL!



Later...AS CASEY'S EVIL SCHEME MOVES TOWARDS ITS CLIMAX...

PALEFACE INDIANS' FRIEND! MORE FIREWATER!

KI-YI-YI! STOP!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PEOPLE?

TIME'S RIPE, FARO! BETTER START BY GITTIN' RID OF THE OLD CHIEF HERE!



AT A SIGNAL...THE CARNAGE COMMENCES!

C'MON, POP! YUH'VE LIVED LONG ENOUGH!



BUT SUDDENLY...

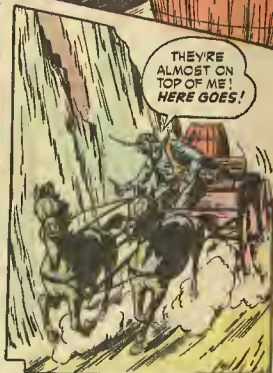
YAGH!

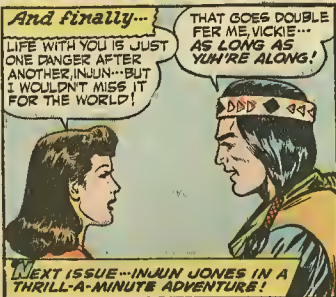
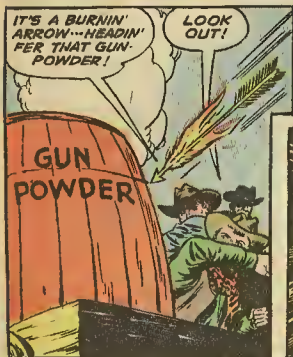


IT'S INJUN JONES...IN THE NICK OF TIME!

CAN'T GO ALL THE WAY IN...GOTTA KEEP MY DISTANCE! I'LL START PEPPERIN' FROM BEHIND THESE ROCKS...







NEXT ISSUE...INJUN JONES IN A THRILL-A-MINUTE ADVENTURE!

BUFFALO BELLE



LARIATS FLASH AND PISTOLS BLAZE AGAIN IN THE WILD CHEROKEE STRIP AS JUSTICE RIDES IN THE SADDLE WITH BUFFALO BELLE... FAST-SHOOTING GUNGIRL AND SWORN Foe OF ALL LAWBREAKERS!

IN SHERIFF LUKE HANLEY'S OFFICE...

HI, BUFFALO BELLE! WHAT'S WITH MY FAVORITE DEPUTY TODAY?

I'M SO RAVIN' MAD I COULD PIN YORE EARS BACK! YUH JUMPED THAT MURDERIN' HARLOW BANDIT WITHOUT TELLIN' ME!

SHUCKS, BELLE...WE GOT HIM WITH TWO SHOTS! WHEN I'M IN REAL TROUBLE, I TURN TO YOU! TAKE THIS LETTER, F'RINSTANCE! IT'S FROM SOME WADDIES IN YUMA COUNTY...



TRUBLE IS, I GOT NO LAWFUL RIGHT TO BUTT IN! SEEMS LIKE A CERTAIN SCHEMIN' HOMBRE NAMED GYP FRASER HAS DAMMED A RIVER RUNNIN' THROUGH HIS SPREAD, AND IS RENTIN' HIS NEIGHBORS GRAZIN' PRIVILEGES... AT GUNPOINT! IF YOU COULD JUST LOOK INTO IT FER ME...



YUH CAN'T GO AS DEPUTY... IT'S OUTA MY TERRITORY! SO WATCH YOUR STEP!

DON'T WORRY, LUKE! I'M JUST A HELPLESS GAL... WITH A HOSS, A ROPE, AN' TWO ROARIN' COLTS!



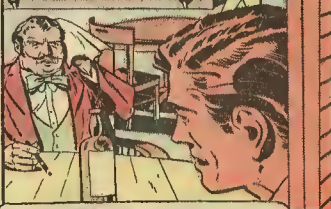
NEXT DAY... IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF GILA JUNCTION...

I'M LOOKIN' FOR A WADDY NAMED GYP FRASER! KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

HE'S GITTIN' RIGHT OVER THERE, MISS... TALKIN' TO PETE KANE!



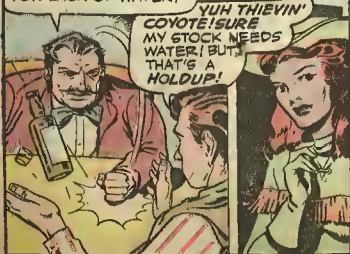
FRASER LOOKS MORE LIKE A BOAR THAN A MAN! IF I CAN GET TO THAT SCREEN BEFORE HE SEES ME... I MAY FIND OUT HOW SHARP HIS TUSKS ARE!



SUIT YORESELF! YORE CATTLE WILL ALL DIE... AN' MEBBE YUH WON'T BE TOO SAFE YORESELF!

DOGGONE IT... YUH'RE JUST STUBBORN! I'M OFFERIN' YUH GRAZIN' LAND DIRT CHEAP! WHAT'S \$100 A DAY TO KEEP YORE CATTLE FROM DYIN' LIKE FLIES FOR LACK OF WATER?

YUH THIEVIN' COYOTE! SURE MY STOCK NEEDS WATER! BUT THAT'S A HOLDUP!



Suddenly...

EAVESDROPPIN', EH?
I GUNNED DOWN A SPYIN'
LAWMAN ONCE JUST FOR
LISTENIN' OUT OF
TURN!

LET...
ME...
GO!

I'VE BEEN JUST DYIN' TO MEET
YUH, MR. FRASER! YUH'RE THE ONLY
REAL GENTLEMAN IN THE CHEROKEE
STRIP! I WAS WAITIN' FOR YUH TO
FINISH TALKIN'...

HMMM! YUH
KNOW WHO I
AM, EH?

YESSIR... A BEAUTIFUL LADY!
I NEVER COULD RESIST A
GAL WITH BREEDIN' AND REAL
SPIRIT! HOW ABOUT A
LITTLE KISS...

OH-OH!
THERE GOES
THAT TEMPER
O' MINE!

CAUGHT HER SPYIN' ON YUH,
BOSS! COULD BE SHE'S JUST
CURIOUS... BUT IF YUH WANT
ME TO SLAP HER AROUND...

NO! WE'LL
HEAR WHAT
SHE HAS TO
SAY!

SET UP A BOTTLE,
MIKE!... WHAT'LL
YUH HAVE, MISS?

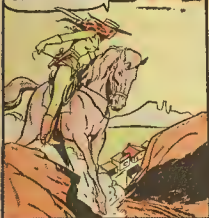
GINGER ALE, PLEASE!
IT ISN'T WHAT A DANCE
HALL GAL WOULD
ORDER... BUT I
GUESS YUH KNOW
I'M A LADY!

...YOU MISERABLE
WORM! WHEN BUFFALO
BELLE KISSES A
MAN... IT'S BECAUSE
HE'S BRAVE AN'
DECENT!

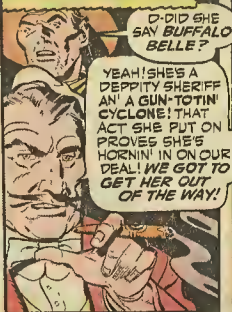
I CAN
PLAY THE
SWEET
INNOCENT
ROLE, JUST SO
LONG... BUT I
DRAW THE LINE
AT MALLIN'!

CRASH!

MESBE I SHOULDN'T O' FLEW OFF THE HANDLE ...BUT IT'S DONE! THE BEST THING FOR ME NOW IS TO GET OUT TO FRAGER'S DAM AND SEE HOW THE LAND LIES!



At that moment...



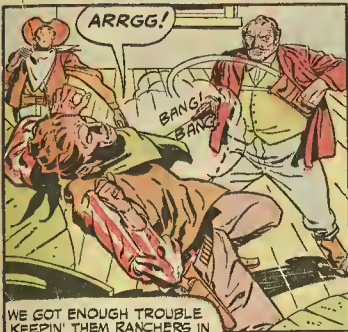
D-DID SHE SAY **BUFFALO BELLE**?

YEAH! SHE'S A DEPPITY SHERIFF AN' A GUN-TOTIN' CYCLONE! THAT ACT SHE PUT ON PROVES SHE'S HORNIN' IN ON OUR DEAL! WE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF THE WAY!

I HEAR D WHAT YUH SAID, FRASER! IF **BUFFALO BELLE** CAME HERE TO HELP US HONEST RANCHERS, I'M ALL FOR HER! HARM HER, AN' I'LL SEE THAT YUH HANG!



THANKS FER BUTTIN' IN, SUCKER! YUH'VE GIVEN ME AN **IDEA!**



ARRGG!

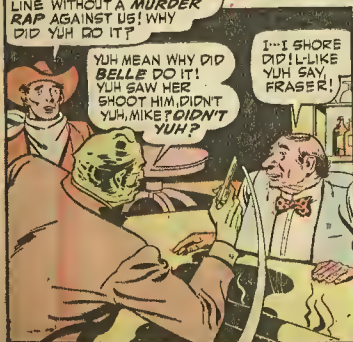
BANG! BANG!

WE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE KEEPIN' THEM RANCHERS IN LINE WITHOUT A **MURDER RAP** AGAINST US! WHY DID YUH DO IT?



HE'S **DEAD!**

OF COURSE! THEM WASN'T **BLANKS** I WAS SHOOTIN'!



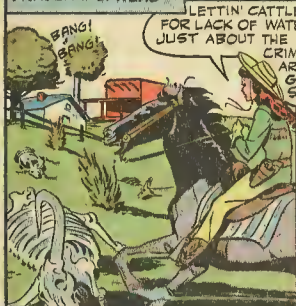
YUH MEAN WHY DID **BELLE** DO IT! YUH SAW HER SHOOT HIM, DIDN'T YUH, MIKE? **DIDN'T YUH?**

I--I SHORE DID! I-LIKE YUH SAY, **FRASER!**



THEN CALL THE SHERIFF! **WE'RE GOIN' AFTER THAT MURDERIN' SHE-WOLF!** SHE'S LIKELY HEADED FOR MY RANCH RIGHT NOW--**POKIN' HER NOSE WHERE IT DONT BELONG!**

MEANWHILE...AS BELLE APPROACHES
FRASER'S SPREAD...

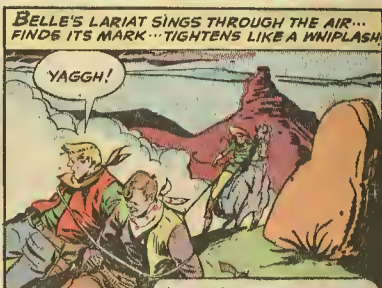


LETTIN' CATTLE DIE
FOR LACK OF WATER IS
JUST ABOUT THE MEANEST
CRIME THERE IS! SAY...
AREN'T THOSE
GUN-
SHOTS?

AN AMBUSH! THAT
HOMBRE'S FIGHTIN' FOR
HIS LIFE...AGAINST
KILLERS!



THEY'LL SING
A DIFFERENT
TUNE...AT
THE END OF
A ROPE!



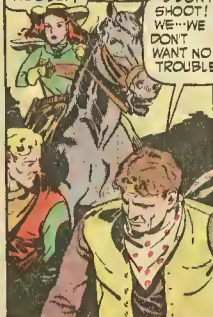
BELLE'S LARIAT SINGS THROUGH THE AIR...
FINDS ITS MARK...TIGHTENS LIKE A WHIPLASH!

YAGGH!



WELL, BOYS?
HAD ENOUGH?

NOW GET GOIN'...FAST!
I'M JEST A GAL, AND MY
TRIGGER FINGER'S
WOBBLY!



D-DON'T
SHOOT!
WE...WE
DON'T
WANT NO
TROUBLE!

YUH WENT TO A LOTTA TROUBLE,
MISS...BUT I WARTN IN NO
DANGER!! IF YUH THINK I
CAN'T SHOOT, JUST KEEP
YORE EYE ON THIS COIN!



WHY...HE
ISN'T EVEN
GRATE-
FUL!





MURDER! I DIDN'T MURDER ANYONE! SHERIFF, THIS MAN'S LYIN' IN HIS TEETH!

YUH SHOT PETE KANE DOWN IN COLD BLOOD...WITH THIS GUN! ME AN' MY COW-HAND SAW YUH KILL HIM...AND SO DID THE BARKEEP! HE'S HERE TO BACK ME UP!

WE'LL SWEAR IN A JURY AN' TRY HER PRONTO, SHERIFF! ...IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU!

SURE! GO AHEAD, FRASER... PICK YORE MEN! CAN'T HANG A MURDERIN' SHE-COYOTE TOO FAST TO SUIT ME!

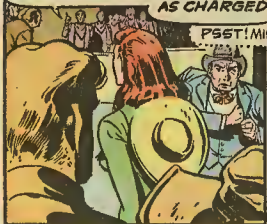


Later...A HANDPICKED JURY BRINGS IN ITS VERDICT!

AFTER LISTENIN' TO THE BARKEEPS HONEST TESTIMONY AN' KNOWIN' WHAT A FINE, UPSTANDIN' CITIZEN GYP FRASER IS...WE FIND THIS MEDDLIN' SHE-CRITTER **GUILTY AS CHARGED!**

FRASER MADE ME PERJURE MYSELF...BUT I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! HERE'S SOMETHIN' TO PROVE IT...

PSST! MISS...



ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY... KEEP BACK, AFORE I CUT LOOSE WITH THIS HEATER! ...LET'S GET GOIN', STRANGER!

GOOD GIRL!



WE CAN'T GET TO THE OTHER HORSES...THEY'RE AROUND IN BACK! WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE TWO TO A MOUNT!

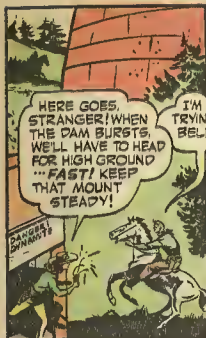
SUITS ME, BUFFALO BELLE!



TENSE INSTANTS LATER...

THAT CROOKED SHERIFF AN' HIS MEN ARE CLOSIN' IN! THAT SHACK OF EXPLOSIVES IS OUR ONLY HOPE...IF I CAN BLOW A HOLE IN THE DAM, WE CAN FLOOD 'EM OFF OUR TRACK!

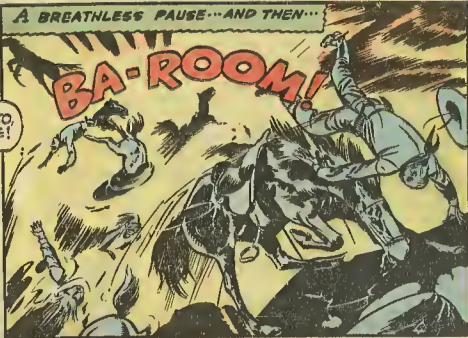




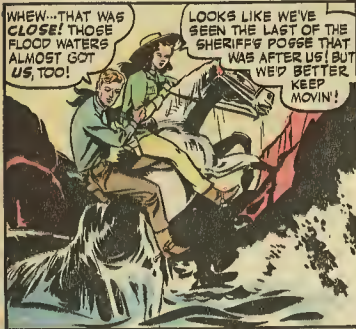
HERE GOES, STRANGER! WHEN THE DAM BURSTS, WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND... FAST! KEEP THAT MOUNT STEADY!

I'M TRYIN' TO BELLE!

A BREATHLESS PAUSE...AND THEN...



WHEW...THAT WAS CLOSE! THOSE FLOOD WATERS ALMOST GOT US, TOO!



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE THAT WAS AFTER US! BUT WE'D BETTER KEEP MOVIN'!

Suddenly...



IT'S FRASER AN' HIS COWHANDS! WE'RE TRAPPED, BELLE! THEY TOOK ANOTHER ROAD TO HEAD US OFF!

HE'S GUNNIN' FOR THE HORSE! GOT TO... UHHH!

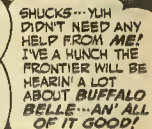
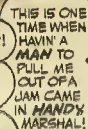
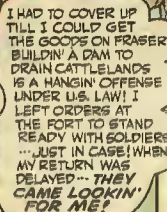
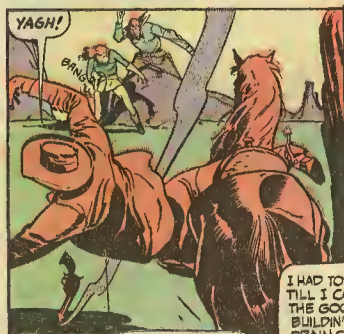


AS FRASER'S BAND CLOSES IN FOR THE KILL...



LOOK, BELLE!

U.S. CAVALRYMEN! LEAPIN' LIZARDS!



A PET PAYS OFF

TIM ANDREWS was the laughing-stock of Butte County. He was a mild, easy-going young fellow, different from any of the other local cowpunchers. They were interested in brawling and sixguns—but Tim was only interested in strange pets! People thought it queer when he adopted a young cougar. They felt something was very wrong when the cougar gave way to a large jackrabbit. And they knew he must be crazy when a rattlesnake supplanted the rabbit!

People came to stare, to laugh, to touch their foreheads significantly as they gazed at Tim in pitying fashion. Gingerly they peered into the small valise in which Tim carried his new pet—and there he was, quietly and snugly coiled at rest, and giving vent to an occasional warning rattle when he was disturbed!

Everybody kept a respectable distance. "Shucks, yuh don't have to be scared of old Pete!" said Tim comfortingly. "Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly! He couldn't if he wanted—he's so old he ain't got nary a fang left!" The onlookers roared. Good old crazy Tim Andrews! He was just like that insane pet of his—no harm in either of them! And neither of them would ever amount to much. Entirely useless, and just good for laughs!

And so Butte County kept on laughing at Tim, who didn't care much anyway. They then proceeded to forget him, because busy days had come upon the county. It was roundup time. Herds were being sold and money was pouring into the vaults of the Butte State Bank. And then came one Saturday which was the busiest day of all. The bank was crowded with punchers cashing their paychecks as Tim entered, his valise, as ever, in his hand. Sensing a butt for their rough humor, the cowboys crowded around him. In the midst of their ridicule they froze, as a rough voice intruded. "Okay, gents!" it grated. "Reach—this is a stickup!"

Everyone recognized the bandit, whose

face had adorned "Wanted" posters the length of the state. It was Bart Henderson, the most deadly and vicious bank robber in the entire west! Hands were raised and there was nothing but silence as the outlaw took over from the trembling cashier the money of every person in Butte County. Then he turned away—and his eyes fell on the small valise which Tim still held. "Ranch payroll, eh?" he barked. "Drop it!"

Tim dropped it, but felt impelled to tell the bandit of his mistake. "Shucks, you don't want what's in *there*," he drawled—but was shocked into silence by a terrific blow. He landed on the floor with a crash, right next to his valise, which had been jolted ajar when he dropped it. And old Pete, the rattlesnake, coiled within it, saw what had happened. He saw his cherished master floored, saw the outlaw's foot drawn back to kick the fallen man. Pete's old reptilian eyes lit with a red rage that made him forget that he no longer had fangs. There was but a hint of an angry buzzing—then the snake struck like greased lightning, clamping his toothless gums on Bart Henderson's leg. But Henderson didn't know they were toothless. Mad with fright at the sight of the big rattler clinging to him, he struck at it frantically with the butt end of his pistol. And now it was the turn of mild, easy-going Tim Anderson to explode into a rage such as Butte County had never seen. His pet was menaced, and that was enough. The result was like an atomic bomb exploding: Tim waded in with a barrage of dynamite-laden blows and Henderson was down—and out!

The county's money was saved, and Tim earned a large reward for the capture of the deadly bandit. More than that, he earned the undying gratitude and friendship of his neighbors, who never thought of him as a laughing stock again. They knew that he was all man, and as for his strange pet—it sure had paid off!

TEXAS TIM. RANGER

HEY, LOOK!
RUSTLERS!
START SHOOTIN',
BOYS!



THE TOWN OF CANDY ROCK WAS
ROUGH, TOUGH AND DEADLY!
SIX-GUNS WERE THE LAW--- AND
BULL BRANNIGAN WAS KING!
BUT TEXAS TIM BRENNAN STOOD
FOR ANOTHER KIND OF LAW---
THE KIND DISHED OUT BY
THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Edmond
Good



THEY
GOT CAL!
THEM DIRTY
BRANNIGAN
GUNNIES--!

THEY
KNOW US!
WIPE 'EM
OUT!

BANG!
BANG!



THEY'RE
TOO MANY
FOR US!
I--
OH-HH!

GOT
HIM!
THAT'S THE
LAST ONE,
BOYS!

BANG!



WELL,
WE GOT
THE
HERD!

YEAH-- BUT
WE LOST MIKE
AN' SLIM.
BRANNIGAN'LL
BE SORE!

LATER THAT NIGHT--- BULL
BRANNIGAN'S SALOON IN
ROARING LITTLE CANDY ROCK--

YUH LOST TWO
GOOD GUN-HANDS!
FAST-SHOOTIN'
BOYS IS HARD
TO GET!

BUT
BOSS, THEM
COWBOYS
CAN SHOOT
PURTU'
GOOD!

SHUT UP! NOW
LISTEN--WE'RE GONNA
QUIT RUSTLIN'! I
GOT A NEW IDEA--
WE'RE GONNA SELL
INSURANCE!

INSUR--?
OKAY, OKAY,
BULL--
WHATEVER
YUH SAY!

IT'S SIMPLE! WE COLLECT
FROM EACH RANCHER, BY
GUARANTEEN' THAT THEIR
CATTLE WON'T BE STOLEN,
SEE? AN' THEM THAT
DON'T PAY-- WELL,
THEY LOSE THEIR
CATTLE AN' MEBBE
GET BEAT UP
A BIT!

SAY!
THAT'S
SMART!

NEXT DAY, BRANNIGAN'S
RACKET GOES INTO
ACTION--

I-I-I'll PAY!
BUT HOW DO I
KNOW MY CATTLE
WILL BE SAFE?

YUH JUST TAKE
OUR WORD FOR IT,
MISTER! HAND
OVER THE
DOUGH!

FUNNY, AIN'T
IT, CARTER?
YESTERDAY YUH
REFUSED TO BUY
OUR CATTLE
INSURANCE,
AN' LAST NIGHT
YUH LOST FIVE
HUNDRED HEAD
AN' THREE
MEN!

I'LL PAY!
BUT US
HONEST RANCHERS
WILL GET
EVEN WITH
YOU--AN'
YORE CROOKED
BOSS,
BRANNIGAN!

MEBBE
A LI'L--
PISTOL
WHIPPIN'
--MIGHT
CHANGE
YORE MIND,
JOHNSON!

DON'T!
I'LL
GIVE
YUH
TH'
MONEY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

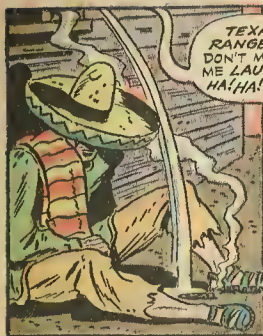
WE CAN'T GO
ON PAYIN'--IT'S
UP TO YOU TO
STOP BRANNIGAN,
SHERIFF.

BUT I--
WELL--
ALL RIGHT,
GENTS! I'LL
GO SEE
HIM
RIGHT
NOW!

YUHVE
STALLED LONG
ENOUGH! WE
WANT ACTION
--TONIGHT!

REWARD





TEXAS
RANGERS?
DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH!
HA! HA! HA!



AND BENEATH
THE MEXICAN'S
HAT --THE FACE
OF RANGER
TIM BRENNAN!

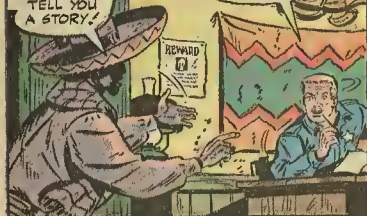


MY DISGUISE
WORKED -- AN'
I'VE GOT THE
GOODS ON 'EM!
NOW TO GET
TO WORK!

NEXT EVENING, IN A TINY TEXAS
RANGER OUTPOST MILES FROM
CANDY ROCK---

BUENOS
NOCHES,
SEÑOR!
I COME TO
TELL YOU
A STORY!

WHO LET YOU
IN HERE? LOOK,
I'M BUSY! COME
BACK SOME
OTHER---



BUT CHIEF, IT'S
QUITE A STORY
-- THE STORY
OF CANDY
ROCK!

TIM
BRENNAN!
WELL, OF ALL
THE FOOL
GET-UPS--

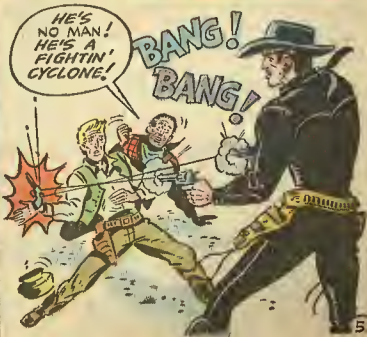
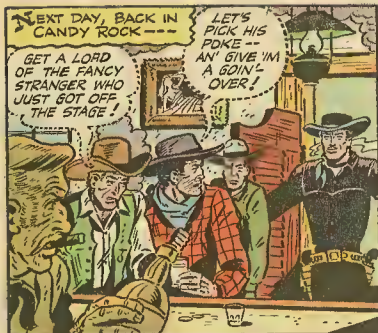


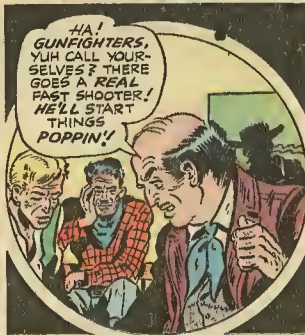
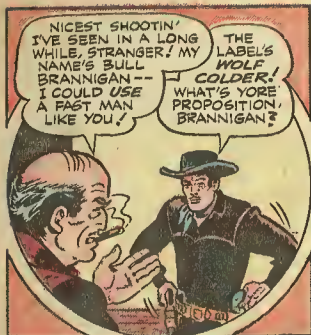
ONLY WAY I
COULD HANG
AROUND CANDY
ROCK, CHIEF.
BULL BRANNIGAN'S
GOT AT LEAST
THIRTY MEN
PACKIN' GUNS
FOR HIM IN
THAT TOWN.

HMM! SO
WHAT WE'VE
HEARD IS
TRUE!
GOT ANY
SUGGESTIONS?



I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW
WE CAN TAKE BRANNIGAN
AND ALL HIS GUNMEN!
ALL I NEED IS ANOTHER
MAN BESIDE MYSELF, TO
HELP ME GET 'EM ALL
GATHERED IN ONE
PLACE! I'LL NEED
THAT MAN THERE!
IN THREE DAYS!







THREE MORE
ACCOUNTS TODAY,
BRANNIGAN--
IT'S AS EASY
AS---

HEY, COLDER!
THERE'S A
TEXAS
RANGER IN
TOWN GUNNIN'
FER YUH--SAYS
HIS NAME IS
EDDIE LEWIS.



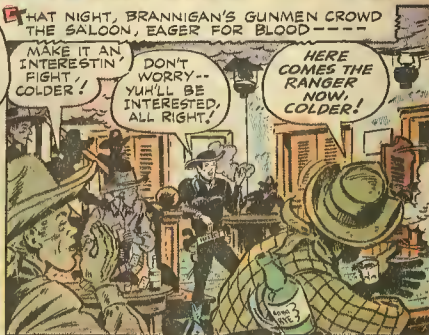
EDDIE LEWIS!
SO THE COYOTE
IS STILL
TRAILIN' ME,
IS HE?

HE SAID TO
BE IN THE
SALOON AT
EIGHT TONIGHT,
IF YUH'RE NOT
TOO YELLA!



WHY, THAT
DIRTY, DOUBLE-
TALKIN'---!
I'LL BE
THERE!

YAHOO!
WE'LL ALL
BE THERE!
NOBODY
MISSES A GOOD
SHOOTIN' IN
'CANDY ROCK.



THAT NIGHT, BRANNIGAN'S GUNMEN CROWD
THE SALOON, EAGER FOR BLOOD----

MAKE IT AN
INTERESTIN'
FIGHT,
COLDER!

DON'T
WORRY--
YUH'LL BE
INTERESTED,
ALL RIGHT!

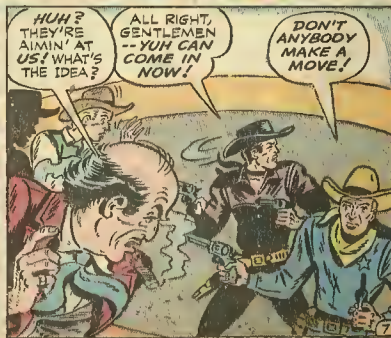
HERE
COMES THE
RANGER
NOW,
COLDER!



HELLO,
COLDER!

DON'T
"HELLO"
ME, YUH
POLECAT!
DRAW!

BLAST
'I'M,
COLDER!



HUH?
THEY'RE
AIMIN' AT
US! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?

ALL RIGHT,
GENTLEMEN
--YUH CAN
COME IN
NOW!

DON'T
ANYBODY
MAKE A
MOVE!



THE
RANCHERS!
THEY--THEY
GOT THE
DROP ON
US!

THAT'S RIGHT,
BRANNIGAN!
THE RANCHERS
YUH'VE BEEN
ROBBIN'---



--AN' THE SAME RANCHERS
I'VE BEEN ROUNDIN' UP FOR
THIS OCCASION WHILE I WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE SELLIN'
YORE INSURANCE!
I'M BRENNAN OF
THE TEXAS
RANGERS!

OF
ALL THE DOUBLE-
CROSSIN', BACK-
STABBIN'--!
I'LL KILL
YUH!

YUH'RE A FOOL,
BRANNIGAN--BUT
YUH'RE SAVIN'
THE STATE THE
EXPENSE OF
HANGIN' YUH.

AH-HH!



NOW--ANYBODY
ELSE HERE WHO
DOESN'T WANT
TO STAND A
FAIR TRIAL?

NOT
ME!

WE
QUIT!

WE
SURRENDER!



I DON'T
THINK YUH'LL
HAVE ANY
MORE TROUBLE
HERE,
GENTLEMEN!

WELL, IF WE DO,
WE'LL KNOW THE
ANSWER! WE'LL
JUST SEND UP A
SMOKE SIGNAL
FOR THE GOOD
OLD TEXAS
RANGERS!

TEXAS TIM, RANGER,
RIDES AGAIN--NEXT ISSUE! (End)

POWDER RIVER PETE

THERE! IF THAT ISN'T THE PRETTIEST BOX LUNCH AT THE PARTY TONIGHT, I'LL... I'LL FEED IT TO PETE'S HORSE, RUSTY!

I WONDER IF DOC TEEDLEMEYER HAS A STOMACH PUMP!

GORDON
WRIGHT

COME ON, RUSTY--- LET'S SNEAK OUTA HERE! NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT MISS SALLY'S LUNCH LOOKS LIKE, WE'RE ALL SET!

WHAT'S HE HAVE TO CRAWL FOR? NOBODY'S LOOKING!

COUSIN SUSIE!!! COME OUT IN THE KITCHEN A MINUTE AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL LUNCH I'VE FIXED FOR YOU TO TAKE TO THE SOCIAL TONIGHT!

I'M JUST SURE
YOU'LL CATCH A
NICE PARDNER
WITH IT!

DUH-H-H---
GORSH, SALLY,
IT'S RALE
PURDY!

YOU BET AH'M A-GOIN' TO
THE SOCIAL TONIGHT,
JASPER! AN' AH KNOW JEST
WHICH LUNCH TO BID FER,
TOO!

MISS SALLYS. HUH?
BUT HOW ARE YUH
GONNA TELL
WHICH IS **HERS**?

WELL, AH SHORE AIN'T
A-GONNA TELL
YOU, JASPER!

OH, I KNOW YUH
WOULDN'T DO **THAT**.
PETE! YUH'RE TOO
CAGEY!

RIGHT, POPNER!
WHY, IF YOU WAS
TO FIND OUT
THAT HER LUNCH
HAS A **RED**
RIBBON ON IT,
YUH'D TRY FER
IT YERSELF!

NOW THEN, LADIES AN' GENTS --
WE'RE GONNA AUCTION OFF TH'
GALS' LUNCHBOXES FER CHARITY!
THEIR NAMES IS **INSIDE** TH'
LUNCHES'--- BUT NOBODY KNOWS
WHOSE NAME IS IN WHICH BOX!
SO BID FER A LUNCH AN' WIN YER
PARDNER FER THE EVENING!
--- ALL RIGHT--- HERE'S A
LIKELY-LOOKIN' LUNCH ---
WHAT AM I BID?

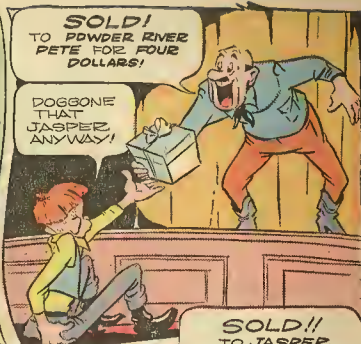
SAY, PETE --
HOW MUCH IS
TWO AN' TWO?

WHY,
JASPER,
ANYBODY
KNOWS
THAT TWO
AND TWO IS

AT THE SOCIAL...



FOUR!



SOLD!
TO POWDER RNER
PETE FOR FOUR
DOLLARS!

DOGBONE
THAT
JASPER
ANYWAY!

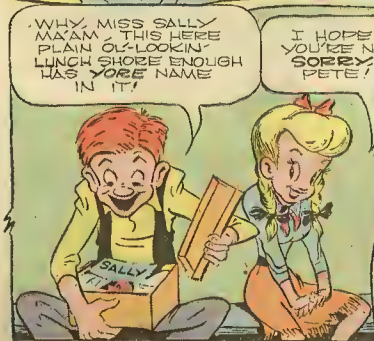


NEXT, THIS
BEE-YOOTIFUL
LOOKIN' LUNCH!...
DO I HEAR AN
OFFER?



**FIVE
DOLLARS!**

**SOLD!!
TO JASPER
BLACK!!**

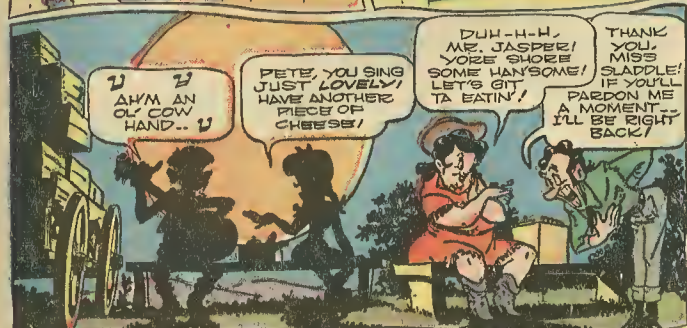
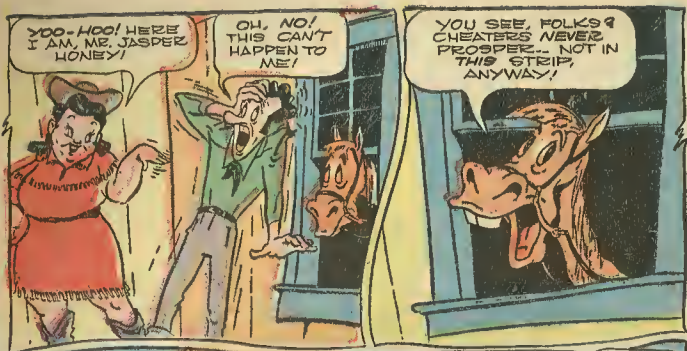


WHY, MISS SALLY
MA'AM - THIS HERE
PLAIN OL'-LOOKIN'-
LUNCH SHORE ENOUGH
HAS YORE NAME
IN IT!

I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT
SORRY,
PETE!



MISS SUSIE BELL
SLADDLE? ---
B-B-BUT I-I--
THOUGHT ---



THIS HERE SHORE IS
A FUNNY-LOOKIN'
PICKLE MISS SALLY
PUT IN MAH LUNCH!

Z Z Z Z...
SNORE...
Z-Z-Z-Z-

WOW! I'M HAVIN' BAD
DREAMS AGAIN! I'M
SEEEIN'-- PEOPLE!

HALP!
THE PICKLE
IS ALIVE!

-AN' WHAT PEOPLE---
NIGHTMARES YET!
LENME OUT OF
HERE!!

MISS SALLY, MA'AM,
THAT'S SUMP'N...
MIGHTY IMPORTANT
AH'M AIMIN' TO
ASK YUH!

PICKLE INDEED!
THAT MONSTER
TRIED TO EAT
ME ALIVE!

HEH-HEH... THE
SNAKE TOOK CARE
OF COUSIN SUSIE--
NOW FER PETE!

ANY PORT
IN A
STORM!

WHAT DID
YOU WANT
TO ASK ME,
PETE?

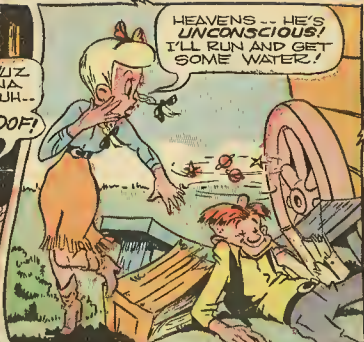
WA'AL,
MA'AM, AH...



TSK, TSK...
THE BOX
SLIPPED!

AH WUZ
GONNA
ASK YUH...

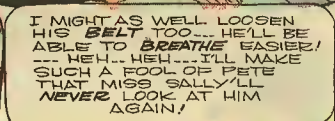
OOOF!



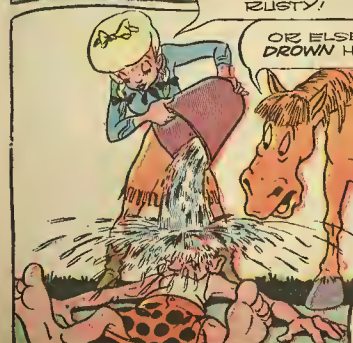
HEAVENS -- HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS!
I'LL RUN AND GET
SOME WATER!



WHY, **POOR**
PETE... HE
MUSTA HAD
AN **ACCIDENT!**
I'LL JEST
LOOSEN HIS
COLLAR AN'
GIVE HIM
SOME AIR!

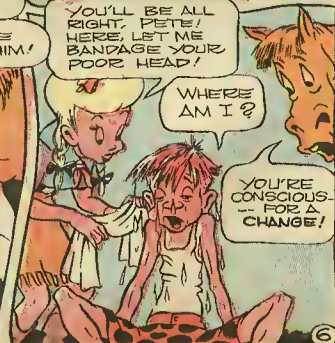


I MIGHT AS WELL LOOSEN
HIS **BELT** TOO... HE'LL BE
ABLE TO **BREATHE** EASIER!
--- HEH... HEH... I'LL MAKE
SUCH A FOOL OF PETE
THAT MISS SALLY'LL
NEVER LOOK AT HIM
AGAIN!



THIS OUGHT
TO BRING HIM
AROUND,
RUSTY!

OR ELSE
DROWN HIM!



YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT, PETE!
HERE, LET ME
BANDAGE YOUR
POOR HEAD!

WHERE
AM I?

YOU'RE
CONSCIOUS...
-- FOR A
CHANGE!

GOLLY, THANKS,
MISS SALLY!...
THAT FEELS
MUCH BETTER!

THAT'S GOOD,
PETE -- BUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOUR CLOTHES?

MAH CLOTHES? OH, THEY JEST--

**MAH
CLOTHES!**

QUICK, MISS SALLY,
MA'AM --- GIT ME
SUMP'N OUT'N THE
BUNK HOUSE!

ALL RIGHT,
PETE! YOU
WAIT HERE
AND I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK!

AN' NOW, LADIES
AN' GENTS -- THE
EVENING'S ENTER-
TAINMENT WILL
COMMENCE--

WE WANT PETE!

WHAR'S PETE?

LET'S HAVE
PETE
SING!

POWDER
RIVER
PETE!

HMMM -- THIS
HOLE I CRAWLED
INTO SEEMS TO BE
MOVIN'! MUST BE
AN EARTHQUAKE!

WE WANT A
SONG!
WHAR'S PETE?

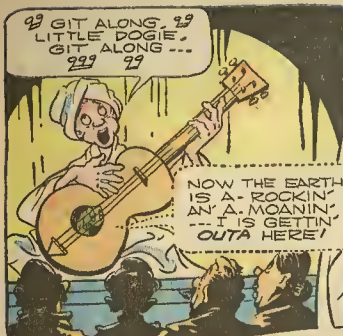
HEY, PETE, YOU'RE
ON! GET UP THERE
-- THE SHOW
MUST GO ON!

GO AHEAD,
PETE, YOU
CAN STILL
SING!

WHAT'LL AH
DO? AH'M PLUMB
NERVOUS!

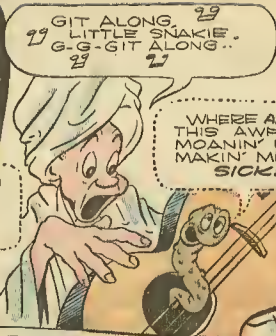
THIS SHEET WAS
THE ONLY THING
I COULD FIND,
PETE!

IT'S
MOVIN'
AGAIN!



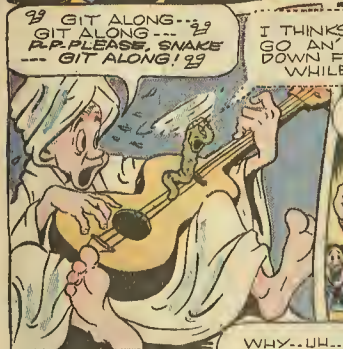
29 GIT ALONG, 29
LITTLE DOGIE,
GIT ALONG...
29 29

NOW THE EARTH
IS A-ROCKIN'
AN A-MOANIN'
--- I IS GETTIN'
OUTA HERE!



29 GIT ALONG, 29
LITTLE SNAKIE,
G-G-GIT ALONG...
29 29

WHERE AM I?
THIS AWFUL
MOANIN' IS
MAKIN' ME
SICK!



29 GIT ALONG... 29
GIT ALONG ---
P.P. PLEASE, SNAKE
--- GIT ALONG! 29

I THINK I'LL
GO AN' LIE
DOWN FO' A-
WHILE!

HE'S A HINDU
SNAKE CHARMER!!!



'RAY FOR
PETE!

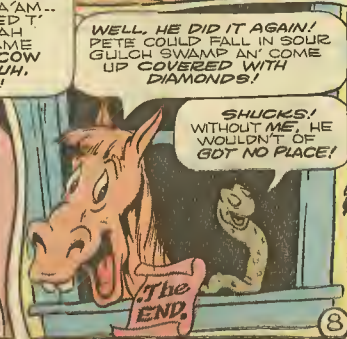
BEST ACT
WE EVER
SEEN!

YIPPEE!!
POUNDER RIVER
PETE!



PETIE, YOU
WERE WONDERFUL!
NOW WHAT WAS
THE QUESTION
YOU WANTED TO
ASK ME?

WHY...UH... MISS
SALLY... MA'AM...
AH WANTED T'
KNOW IF AH
COULD NAME
MAH PET COW
AFTER YUH,
MA'AM!



WELL, HE DID IT AGAIN!
PETE COULD FALL IN SOUR
GULCH SWAMP AN' COME
UP COVERED WITH
DIAMONDS!

SHUCKS!
WITHOUT ME, HE
WOULDN'T OF
GOT NO PLACE!

The
END.

HOT SO TOUGH

SILKY WILLIAMS was the cleverest criminal lawyer in New York—and clever enough to know where his power ended. “There isn’t a thing I can do for you, Trigger,” he said. “You’re hot—and the cops are looking for you! My advice is to get out of town—way out—end wait till the heat’s off!”

Which was the reason why, the following week, Trigger Malone arrived in the small western town of Calico Bluff. He had picked his hideout carefully. The town was off the beaten track and there was little chance that they had heard about New York’s most notorious mobster. But better than that, it was a rich locality, with plenty of money around which he, Trigger, meant to make his own. Who was there to stop him? Those hick westerners were softies, compared to him! He spent a few days studying the situation and then sent a wire in code to several of his henchmen. Promptly they arrived—and Trigger Malone was ready to take over in Calico Bluff!

The Pecos Saloon looked like a good base of operations, and Trigger didn’t lose any time in moving in. “Yer sellin’ out tame,” he told Butch Hopkins, its owner, “fer \$500! Here’s yer dough—now *scram!*”

Hopkins roared with anger—only to find himself stretched prostrate on the floor from Trigger’s hard blow. He came up fighting, but absorbed a deadly beating. “Okay,” he stammered through bruised lips, “I know when I’m licked!”

But there were many others around Calico Bluff who didn’t know when they were licked. When Trigger Malone and his men attempted to buy their herds at ridiculous prices, they elected to fight it out—with disastrous results. Trigger and his gang were hard and cruel, and didn’t know what mercy meant. They terrorized their victims, and as the terror grew, so did their profits. “This beats the big town all hollow!” snickered Malone. “We’re buyin’ cows fer nothin’, an’ sellin’ ‘em high! An’ these rube cowboys can’t stop us—they ain’t so tough!”

True, the populace wasn’t so tough. They were peace-loving people, and unaccustomed to big city gangster tactics. Their weakness was that they attempted to stand up against Malone’s gang as individuals, rather than as a united group. But when much-loved old Tom Johnson, a local rancher, was found murdered, and his herd depleted, they knew that the time had come for action. “Get Jim Murdock!” the word went out. “Ride over to the county seat an’ tell him what these vermin’s are up to!”

Trigger Malone was holding forth in the Pecos Saloon next night when a quiet and boyish-looking cowpuncher entered and asked to speak to him. “I’m Jim Murdock,” he said diffidently, “and I’ve come to tell you that you’re *under arrest!* You see, I’m sheriff in these parts!”

Trigger scanned his narrow frame, then roared with mirth. “You?” he roared. “So they’re sendin’ a boy on a man’s errand, eh? I’ll teach ya!” He swung a mighty blow—but magically, the young sheriff wasn’t there! As he ducked, his lithe body swung into action. A terrific swing—and down went Trigger! It was a chance blow, everyone decided—they’d hold off and watch Malone punish this rash youth. The outlaw returned to the fray with roaring rage, but he was tackling a tornado of fighting fury. Battered to the floor again, he knew he was licked. With the speed born of many murders, his hand flicked towards his shoulder holster—but it was the last thing that Trigger Malone ever knew. With the fluid movement of a striking rattler, Jim Murdock drew. His six-gun sprouted fire—and the outlaw’s career was over!

With the sudden death of their chief, the fight went out of Malone’s chagrined henchmen. Murdock didn’t have the least trouble in rounding them up and herding them into the lockup. And so Calico Bluff’s reign of terror came to an end. Trigger Malone had tried—and failed. You see, he’d made the mistake of thinking that westerners weren’t so tough. But that was before he met Sheriff Jim Murdock!

TENDERFOOT



TENDERFOOT HORACE BRENTWOOD BROUGHT TO THE WEST AN AIR OF HELPLESS INNOCENCE...AND A PAIR OF HARD FISTS THAT BELIED HIS TIMID APPEARANCE. SCHEMING RANDY BARTON LEARNED THAT--THE HARD WAY--WHEN HE TRIED TO STEAL A RANCH FROM HORACE AND PRETTY MARGE CARTER...AND WOUND UP IN JAIL! NOW ONCE AGAIN HE MAKES A DEADLY CHALLENGE--STRIKING AT ALL THE TENDERFOOT HOLDS DEAR!

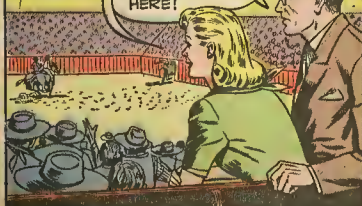
MARGE HAS TAKEN HORACE TO A RODEO...

WATCH THIS, SPIKE! THE BULLDOGGING CONTEST IS GOING TO...

WHOA, MARGIE! THE GANG AT HOME CALLED ME SPIKE, BECAUSE I WAS TOUGHER THAN I LOOKED! BUT I'D RATHER YOU CALL ME HORACE OUT HERE!

YOU MEAN YOU WANT PEOPLE TO MAKE FUN OF YOU AS A TENDERFOOT?

WHILE THEY LAUGH AT ME, I LAUGH UP MY SLEEVE AT THEM! BEING UNDER-ESTIMATED SOME-TIMES PAYS OFF! ...WATCH!

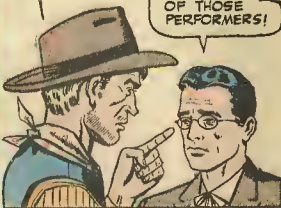
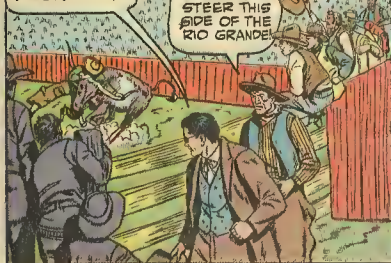


GOODNESS! WHAT A DEMONSTRATION OF UNCIVILIZED BRUTALITY! THAT POOR COW!

HA! LIESSEN TO THE TENDER-FOOT, WILL YUH? COWS IS LADIES, SON! THAT'S A STEER... THE BIGGEST, TOUGHEST STEER THIS SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE!

IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO BULLDOG AN ANIMAL LIKE THAT ONE, TENDER-FOOT! BUT I GUESS YUH WOULDN'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THAT!

OH, I... I DON'T KNOW! I'LL WAGER I COULD DO AS WELL AS ANY OF THOSE PERFORMERS!



AS THE STAR CONTESTANT RIDES OFF, UNSUCCESSFUL...

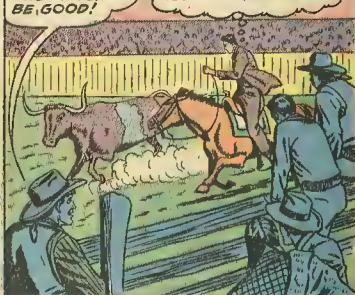
DUDE, YUH GOT YORESELF A BET! TAKE HIS HOSS AND GIT IN THERE! I'LL GIVE YUH ONE HUNDRED SILVER DOLLARS IF YUH THROW THAT STEER IN TWO MINUTES!

W-WAIT NOW...!

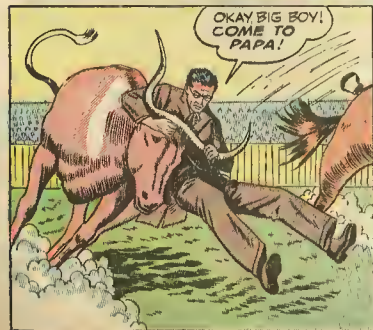


HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

MAYBE BETTER THAN YOU THINK, MY FRIEND!



OKAY BIG BOY! COME TO PAPA!



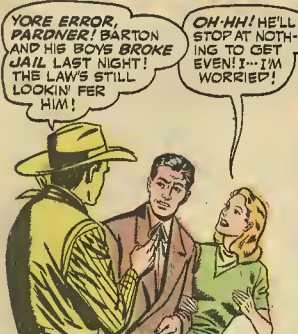
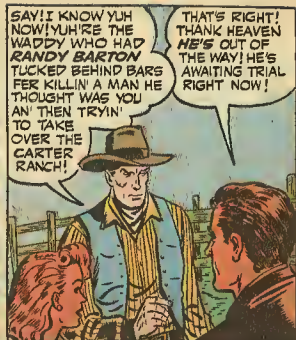
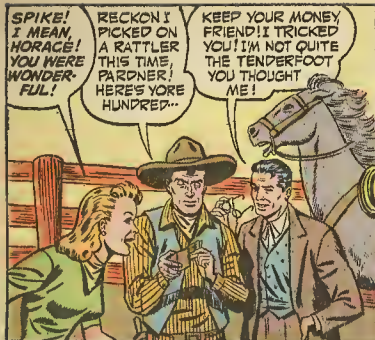
The steer goes down!

EIGHT SECONDS FLAT! A NEW RECORD FOR THIS EVENT!

HOORAY FOR THE TENDERFOOT! A NEW RECORD!

YEE-OH!





Next morning...

THE GHERIFFS POSSE STILL HASN'T FOUND RANDY BARTON...OR ANY SIGN OF HIM, FOR THAT MATTER!

HE'S PROBABLY OVER THE BORDER IN MEXICO BY NOW, MARGIE! HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY...

HORACE! LOOK OUT!

SOMEBODY MENTION MY NAME?

RANDY BARTON!

IF...IF YOU'VE COME TO KILL US, RANDY...

YUH GOT ME *WRONG*, MISS MARGIE! I'M NO KILLER! I GOT ONLY YORE BEST INTERESTS AT HEART!

I TRIED TO MAKE YUH SIGN OVER YORE RANCH TO ME TO PERFECT YUH FROM THAT TINHORN TENDERFOOT'S PHONEY SCHEME! HE AIN'T HORACE BRENTWOOD ANY MORE THAN I AM!

I SUPPOSE YOU CAN PROVE THIS NONSENSE?

MESBE! ONE OF MY BOYS SEEN THIS TENDER-FOOT COMIN' OUT OF THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN LAREDO YESTERDAY, READIN' A TELEGRAM! LET'S JEST SEE WHAT'S IN HIS POCKET NOW!

HERE'S THE TELEGRAM HE GOT, MISS MARGIE!

WESTERN UNION

JIM TAIN, LAREDO, TEXAS

URGENT

IMMEDIATE CARTER GIRL

AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

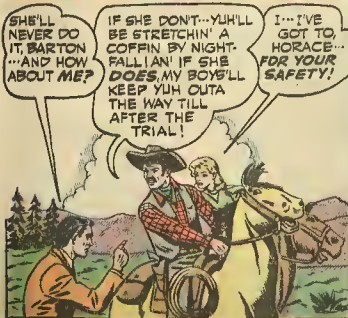
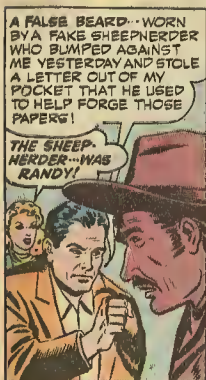
I WILL HANDLE LEGAL DETAILS HERE.

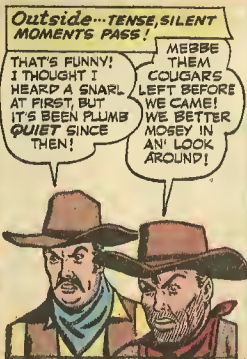
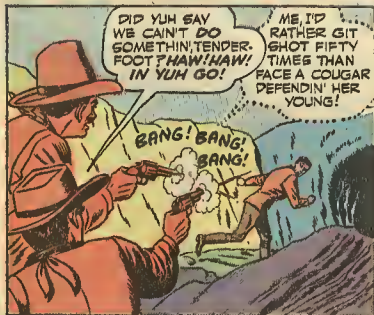
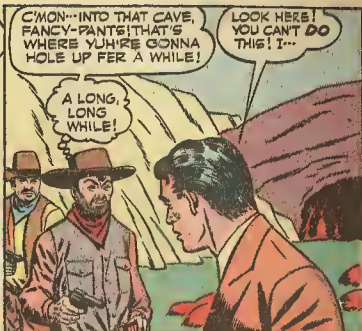
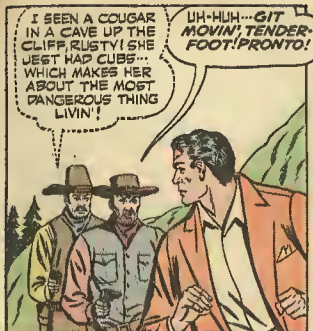
AND HERE'S A LETTER HE WAS GONNA MAIL!

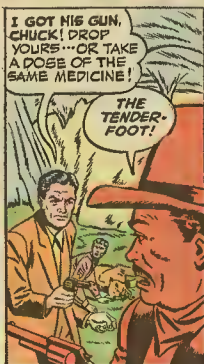
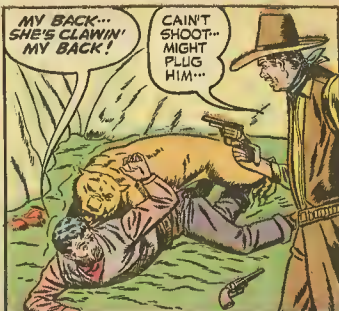
Roger Shupe, Attorney
Chicago, Ill.

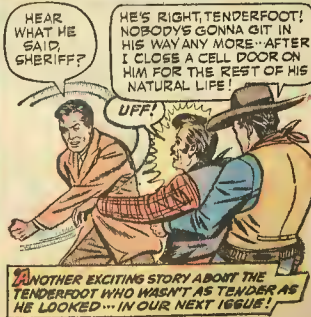
Marge Carter really
thinks Jim Horace
Brentwood. Will be
in the chips any
soon.

Jim Taine









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at our fun Masquerade Party
with these amazing life-like*
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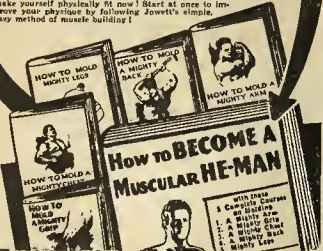
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where it shows most

REDUCE

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